To Frankenthal when ſeige Cordoua layde
Soe was our Britiſhe King-craft ouerknau'd
By Gondomer, as in it Martir-made
This honorable Cadet; and ſoe ſtau'd
Of all recreuts, that Burroughs there comander
Our glorious Burroughs was compell'd to render.

R Gaywood fecit 1636

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THE BELIDES, OR EULOGIE

Of that honorable Souldier

CAPTAIN

WILLIAM FAIREFAX,

Slain at *Frankenthall* in the *Palatinate*, when it was besieged by *CONSALES de CORDOVA*, in the Year

1621.

by G. Foote

LONDON,

Printed by *W. Godbid.* 1660.

To The READER.

I Muſt ingenuouſly profeſs that though our vulgar Poeſie pretend ſo much to ſecond cauſes, uſually praying ayd of wine and oyl; yet are theſe inſuing meerely ſuch night-peeces as for the moſt part were drawn without either; their contexture being onely to preoccupate, and forelay the mind during it from other prejudice: for, after a competence of reſt and ſweet re-

poſe, the Senſes being then chained up in darkneſs, the mind more intent, and through an aptitude, a briskneſs of fancy interpoſing, the muſe then and thus has often kept me welcome company. On whoſe behalf if ſhe ſometime ruff it higher, prove more airy; yet a Souldiers Tract may be buskin'd above ordinary, may with ſome propriety demand it, and thoſe words of Art, thoſe military dreſſes here and there inſerted. A Poet alſo has the prerogative freely to follow the propenſitude of his *Genius*; and our language as ſupplyed from abroad, is of richer variety for the cadence of either Proſe or Verſe. *Verſtegan* will indeed upbraid *Chaucer* with it as prejudicial; and another Netherlander has objected our Engliſh to me, made up of ſeveral ſhreds like a Beggars Cloak: yet will their own *Killianus* acknowledge the *Teutonick* alſo thus enobled; and our language is rather by this aſſiſtance a beautiful Moſaick-work, or the *Venus* of *Apelles*, ſince to render it ſuch a *Non-pareille*, we

we have thus enriched it with ſeveral Forrain Gems and winning features. Briefly, where theſe may ſeem difficult and unuſual, behold the Margin a preſent *Oedipus* for their decypher: and fitter is it that the Page ſhould ſuffer, than the Maſter.

G. T.

The

The SOULDIERS Character.

A Souldier muſt his enemy prevent
As well by ſtratagem as open Mart:
Neſtor *and* Ajax *have the ſelf-ſame Tent;*
The Foxes *head march with the Lions heart.*

He muſt be (a) Seneca *with* Burrhus, *reading*
As well as action: theſe united, faſhion
The real Cæſar; *when if ſingle, breeding*
But Marius, *or ſome idle ſpeculation.*

a Theſe had the diſciplining of *Nero* in his firſt five years, the one in Arts, the other in Arms.

He muſt be born of ſuch an happy ſtar,
That when both ſtrength and artifice may fail,
(As puzled oft in the croſſe-wayes of war,)
Yet heaven relieve him, lead him to prevail.

He muſt have ſuch a ſanctifi'd deſire,
A ſoul ſo firmly to his Saviour plighted,
That he may meet with death in bloud and fire,
And all his grimmeſt poſtures, unaffrighted.

And if in war to dye, yet ſo deceaſe
For juſtice, that his end in war be peace.

THE

THE BELIDES,

ELOGIE

OR

EULOGIE

OF

Capt. *WILLIAM FAIREFAX,*

Slain at *Frankenthall*, *Ann.* 1621.

When it was Beſieged by

Gonſales de Cordova.

THOu that ignobly doeſt the Muſe depaint,
At Livery keeping her; for every Saint
That haſt a candle; every ſwad, how vile,
A flattering couplet; moulting verſe the while
As Geeſe do quils, upon each ſordid plaſh
Where thou may'ſt wallow; for unrighteous caſh,
That canſt (I ſay) relate each hungry cruſt
By ſpreading Oaks and Cedars when untruſs'd
Who baſely groveling lyes, and bramble-like

Grows at both ends; that doeſt with myrrh and ſpike
Dreſſe every funeral pot; I charge thee fly
To ſuch, whom blinds, falſe windows, and the by,
Can only ſet off: *Fairefax* diſallow'd
Theſe illegitim Arts, nor ſhall he ſhrowd
Himſelf among their ſmoak.——
And now draw near,
With an impaſſionate arrected ear,
All you that wildly miſconceiving take
No truce with Soldiers; you that can embrake
Their value ſo, twitting with perſonal crimes
The general calling: tell me, though ſometimes
A Statiſt have his ſubſtituted gin,
Which, like a Nunnery turning-box, winds in
The giſts that come, himſelf the while unſeen;
Muſt all the Claſſis therefore be with ſpleen
Prejudicated? Since Divines (that be
The Churches Snuffers) ſhould be (*a*) gold, and free
From any baſe allay; yet when we hear
Of ſome again ſo leaden, that they fear
To meddle with the flame, permitting it
Unſnuff'd to languiſh; ſhall we therefore twit
The general Tribe of *Levi*? Madly bark
At clear and happy Stars, becauſe ſome dark
And inauſpicious are? To come to thoſe
That muſt be pay'd in kind, let me diſcloſe
My deareſt *Fairefax*; who, though ſet ſo ſoon,
That both his mid-day and his after-noon
With their expected influence were bereſt us,
Has yet a bleſſed teſtimony left us
Of martial goodneſſe. As a ſtream deſcending
From his fair heads to ſea, becomes in trending
More

(*a*) This according to ſome Writers was typically implyed by the goldenſnuffers in *Solomons* Temple.

More puiſſant, and fed by many a rill,
By many a precious brook, ſo widens ſtill
His Channel, that at length it even ſurroun's
VVhole Iſlands, drives the trade of populous towns;
Such was his progreſſe here: and though the blood
Of many an Anceſtor both great and good,
Ran high within his veins; yet thirſting more
Then a reflected value, or to ſhore
Himſelf with borrow'd crutches up, proceeding
A further courſe of obſervation, reading,
ſhnd ſoldierſhip, he mounted the degree
Of real honours. And where ſome there be
Who, Lozange-wiſe, are but of bulk and might
At middle-race, that having all their light
From ſulphurous matches had, ſtink out at length,
And die like candle-ſnuffs, from ſtrength to ſtrength;
Our *Fairefax* dayly grew up, till he crown'd
His actions with his *exit*. To propound
Him yet more graphickly, The *Cynick* bold,
Whoſe tacite Embleme heretofore contrould
Irregular *Athens*, meeting ſuch a wight,
Had Toyle and Taper ſav'd; his aym was right,
And honeſt courſes: nor by wearing broad
And manifold Phylacters, to defraud
Again with carnal ends; but thus addicted
He ſtood in nature; and for theſe afflicted,
Was reſolute and bold, as *Rome* could vaunt
Fabricius under *Pyrrhus* Elephant.

'Tis true, that ſome can poliſh off their ill,
And vicious ware; nay, I have known ſuch skill
In ſhadows, that a picture, while pretending
Some Temple fair, with Iſles convexly bending,

And running inward, windows jutting out,
Has ſtill in *plano* been: But *Fairefax* fought
A nobler fight, could not be thus accus'd,
Of broken pits, nor other doubling us'd,
Than that of Ranks and Files. Now are we come
To his peculiar channel, and at home
Dimenſions beſt are taken. Reader, here
Double thy guards, I do, arreſt thine ear
Yet ſtraighter up; and know, though I muſt yield
A ſpade a ſpade, nor can *Bellona* ſhield
From her debauches; yet our Armies ring
Of ſome ſuch daring zelots, as out-wing
Thoſe of old *Rome*. When *Bullein* erſt led on
His glorious *Croyſade*, as the ſoldiers ſhone
With holy fire, each practiſing to quit
Himſelf, like an abſtemious (*a*) *Nazarite*;
So have we thoſe, the ſhield of faith preferring
To that of *Ajax*; double ſoldiers, ſerring
The ſpiritual to the temporal corſlet: theſe,
Theſe are the gems of Crowns, the wondrous ſeas,
Imbroyling though with ſtorms of blood and fire,
Where *Halcyons* ſing; theſe are the ſoldiers, higher
Than Death and Hell, men dwelling in the Tents
Of holy *Shem*; with theſe the Regiments
Immortal, and the (*b*) thundring bands are fill'd;
Theſe are the ſoldiers that are Saints, and skill'd
Indifferently to go to heaven a-bed,
Or in a whirlwind as *Elijah* did:
And one of theſe was *Fairefax*. ——
Not to proul
For which at forraign hands, O ſay, my ſoul,
With what propenſion haſt thou known him pay
The

(*a*) *Daniels* chronicle, fol. 84. alſo *Serres* in that expedition.

(*b*) The old Romans had a Legion named *Fulminatrix*, & the Chriſtians under *Aurelius* were alſo named *Legio fulminea*.

The firſt-fruits, primer-ſeiſin of each day
And night to heaven? how damask his up-riſe,
And then his ſet again with ſacrifice,
With holy retributes? and thus apply'd
In chief to *Mary*, giving thus the Bride
Her due precedence; afterward conteſt
The (a) *Paranymph*, ſeek *Martha*? live in queſt
Of Arms and Arts? A practiſe judging thoſe
That ayme but meat and raiment; but diſcloſe
Their age alone by Gowts, by want of hair;
Or, as the ſprightly chirping Graſhopper,
So like an *Ahimaaz*, though ſhe bring
Even the moſt welcome tydings, leap and ſing
The joy of harveſt in, to theſe become,
Theſe ſilly *ſilicerniums* burthenſome:
Such alſo taxing with impertinent
And frivolous Subtilties forſooth that ſlent
And trifle time away; the Webs they ſpin
Are only Spider-like, and far too thin
For either ſheet or garment: Nay we fluſh
That rant whole living leaſes hence, and ruſh
As fiercely to their wicked ways, as horſe
To battail do; thus ſtigmating the courſe
Of time imparted, and his after-head
With often whips and wheels; Embelliſhed
When oppoſitely, *Fairefax* wiſely knew
To husband him, to make him moult and mew
His nobleſt feathers. 'Tis no bragging, broad,
No rich material plume, but theſe that boad
Triumphs and Crowns; and Obſervation, reading
(As miniſters to Grace, as Planting, Weeding,
At her impoſe) are conſequently made

(a) He or ſhe that attends the Bride, and diſpoſes the Nuptial Feaſt.

The

The (a) *Tutſans* of our *Adam* old, and lead
From Hogs and Husks to tack about and ſtere
By Goſpel compaſſe; as our Soldier here
Exemplifies: whom that I more unfurl,
And ſince we better ſet off chains of Pearl,
And Cylinders by *Negroes* ears and necks,
So likewiſe with befitting foyles to mix
His further pourtraiture; 'twas he beyond
Exterior armor, who divinely don'd
The helm, the ſword, the (b) ſuppeters, the ſhield,
That combat deeds of darkneſſe; he that held
The ſins at diſtance modernly which reign
Among our Martialiſts, and neither gain,
Nor (c) *Bromius* with his heat that panders ſo
To *Cupids* camp, nor other fawning foe,
Could ſettle him upon the Common lees.
To ſpeak inſtructively,——
For troubled Seas
He plotted not like ſome, that in the fire
Muſt *Salamanders* live, and ſerve for hire,
Or *Bell*, or even the *Dragon*; hunting men
Like *Nimrods*, and of heart far harder then
The nether Mill-ſtone. Well, *Blond-ſucker*, well,
On, on, proceed, do, draw thy ſword and fell
The (d) *Giſors* bleſſed Elm; with (e) Morning-ſtars,
Impetuous canonads and black *Petars*,
Keep *Janus* Temple open; iſſuing thence
Outragious murther, ſallow peſtilence,
Cleanneſſe of Teeth and others: yet ere long,
Aſtoniſhment and Trembling ſhall be wrung
Out likewiſe, as the portion of thy cup;
Nay, thou ſhalt rankly quaffe confuſion up,
Even

a Or, *Androſcemon.*

b Armor for the feet.

c The name of *Bacchus*, à ſtrepitu & clamore.

d Under this the Kings of *England* and *France* uſed to parley, till it was cut down by *Philip* the fair.

e Clubs with long pikes in them.

Even Dregs and all.——
That ſtill our *Bouteſeus*
Diſſected farther be, for borrowed ſhews
And ſtarts of valour, he confided not
In *Hanſe*'s Brandewine, nor lin'd his coat
With charms or reliques, and the Magick (*a*) ſhirt,
(*b*) Enchanted collar, (*c*) domineering woort,
Acheminis and other ſuch, with zeal
Anathematly branded, as a deal
Of helliſh Palliardize: and who colleagues
With theſe extravagants, will have his figs
From thorns forſooth and thiſtles, and his Grapes
Where only bryers grow: Why 'tis to lapſe
From the great God of *Iſrael*, and enquire
At *Baal* of *Ekron*; which with zealous fire
Our *Fairfax* could abominate, arraigning
Theſe ſilly comforters of but maintaining
The right deſtructively, of arming but
Ichneumon-like with dirt, that fences not
The fate of war: nay he could challenge baſe
(*d*) *Antæus* and his earthen ware the race,
Soon broke to ſherds, and oft without a fit
Piece left, to fetch or water from the pit,
Or fire from the hearth.——
Next after theſe,
(That I may throughly ſear and cauterize
The modern arrogance, that like our ears
Of ſmutted corn ſo ſtands a Tiptoe, bears
The ſilly head ſo lofty;) his milice
Was ſuch a vapour void, a ſerious piece,
And ſoundly bottom'd, as, though reading much,
Prefer'd the practick, and then ſweetned each
With

a In French, *Chemiſe de neceſſite*, and worn againſt wounds.

b The like alſo is their Firmailler.

c *Pliny* gives it this efficacy.

d A Giant, who ſtill receiving new force from the earth, had his muddy ſoul ſhook out by *Hercules* in the ayr.

With thoſe civilities that high encreaſt
Their valuation: when the bragging beaſt,
Sir (*a*) *Pavolant*, himſelf dilately tells,
And faces off, in ſwelling *Ses' pedells*;
Speaks only Buffe and Canon; is ſo fill'd
With fanciful conundrums, he can build
What ayrie Caſtles might, if joyn'd in one,
Make a new (*b*) *Thebes*. Alas, how have I known
Him march as, like the compaſſe on a Map,
He lightly ſwallow Kingdomes could, and ſtep
O're Cittadels and Cities; and in war
As if (forſooth) at every pace a ſtar
Muſt be ſtrook out? How have I known the blade
That never lodg'd *ſub* (*c*) *dio*, never made
His bed at *Charlses Waine*, nor knows to fare
(*d*) *Lapſana*-like? and yet this *Morion'd Hare*
Talks like a *Talbot*. Thus, Saint (*e*) *Severin*
The titler ſwells, till running from within
A threaten'd *Alexandria*, when to write
Saint *Severin* the ſouldier, he muſt fight
The ground he treads his own: or elſe if hope
Perhaps turn Haggard, (*f*) nobly furling up
Himſelf within his Enſign ſo derive
A glorious winding-ſheet. And though we ſtrive
VVith rigid induſtry, loe (*g*) *Proculus*,
No (*h*) *Faquemard*, no ſupercilious
(*i*) *Sciamachia*, but the real fact
Can ripen ſpeculation, can in tract
Of time politely quadrate; yet to *Gath*,
To (*k*) *Phlegra*, to the ſons of (*l*) *Haraphath*;

a From *Paſſevolant Francois*, which is ſuch a Soldier as Captains upon muſter-pays foyſt into their Companies.

b Urbs Penſilis, a City of *Ægypt*.

c In nudo, non ſub tecto.

d VVith this root *Cæſars* hoſt lived long at *Dyrrachium*; ſome take it for the wild Colwort.

e Vide *Serres* fol. 356.

f Fougaſſes fol. 527.

g A great undertaker before danger, but unexperienced *Tacit.* hiſt. fol. 51.

h A ſtatue of wood, a Turk againſt which ſome will practiſe their weapons.

i A counterfeit skirmiſh, a May-days bickering.

k The rendezvous of thoſe Giants that invaded heaven.

l In ſome tranſlations, the ſons of the Giant; in others, as here. See 1 *Chron.* 20. 4.

To

To ſuch as quarrel us befall, that here
They quit their inland diſcipline: and bear
Thou witneſſe, *London*, how it magnifies
Thy bars, thy bolts, thy buttereſſes, how cries
Thy nobleſſe up; which mayſt thou ſtill increaſe,
Still poliſh more, nor drive the premiſes,
Then that there be degrees of merit, then
To regulate, and juſtly tether men
Within their ſeveral diſtances; to purge
Repletion into temperature, and urge
Our Meteors to be ſtars of Magnitude,
By the high actings *Fairefax* ſo purſu'd
In his *Militia.*——
To proceed, ſince hate
And lip-ey'd envy ſeek to faſcinate
The nobleſt peeces, nor will be control'd
But with much inculcation, ſtill unfold
We more our beauteous tap'ſtry, till the pleit,
So much demonſtrating his martial heat,
Be likewiſe open'd. Or if elſe we call
Him rich Arachne-work, and cite withall
His fair, his further purfles, 'tis indeed
The (*a*) genuine web of *France*, and here apply'd
With all propriety; ſince like a root
Tranſplanted and remov'd, to retribute
The doubler flower, our *Fairefax* alſo grew
Within this active ayre; till after new
Materials gather'd, ſuch as might advance
His further ſuperſtructure, leaving *France*,
With her fierce *Rhodanus* and fruitful *Seine*,
He rather choſe the (*b*) *Maes*, the mantling *Rhine*,

a Veſtis ſcutulata, the garment wrought with Cobweb-work, peculiar to *France*.

b It empties at the *Brill*, and is of very dangerous acceſſe.

Teſſel, and barking (*a*) *Hound*. Now, Critick, judge
Whether this motion may decypher edge,
Activity and heat.—
Then to fore-warn
Such eke of wealth and parts, as yet will turn
In their domeſtick pleaſure, like a dore
Upon the hinges, ſaying, Lions roare
In forain wayes; and grant it ſo, yet God
Is far from (*b*) aſcriptitious, nor abroad
Of any ſhortned arm; tranſport thee where
No Vultures eye could ever pierce, even there,
There ſhall his right hand lead thee. *Iſrael* thus,
How puzzl'd in a roaring wilderneſſe,
Was yet in ſafety: thus when being led,
Victorious *Drake* devoid of doubt and dread,
So reſolutely beat up both the hot
And frozen *Zones*, oft with his glorious boat
Doubling the *dread Æquator*; thus, I ſay,
Did his induſtrious keel at length convey
So brave a furrow, round the wandring waſt
Of our big-bellied earth, that hence at laſt,
Thoſe Axle-trees of Heaven, the polar ſtars,
(Strange to be told) even thoſe Diameters
Yet met within his (*c*) coat. If ſome of theſe
Our ſprightly towring Martlets may deceaſe
While on the wing, yet heaven is over-head,
And even in all degrees of latitude
Abundantly propitious. Thus again
As far hence as *Apollo* takes his wain,
And baits his winged horſe with ſpices hot,
To make their breath more influent, our remote
High-doing (*d*) *Dale* aſcended. And in fine,

So

a The Hound is between *Dort* and *Fluſhing*, ſo named *à fremitu & latratu*.

b The tutelar patrons of peculiar places, as St. *Paul* for *London*, Saint *Mark* for *Venice*.

c The Heralds at his return gave him a Feſſe-wave, between two Pole-ſtars.

d Sir *Thomas Dale*, who dyed at *Meſſatapatan*.

So *Fairefax* propping while the *Rheniſh* Vine,
(By that ſanguinolent *Hercinian* Boare
Now rooted up and ruin'd) from the dore
Of hope, by that of death (*a*) elated was
To that of glory, to the palm, the place
Of martyr'd Militants. ——— As who with skill,
And knowingly his journey manage will,
Does often from the beaten road withdraw,
Or to behold a *Stonage*, taſt a *Spaw*;
Or with ſome ſubtle Artiſt to conferre,
Or famous Scholar; or elſe to demurre
A while within ſome Minſter, and conſider
The Monuments and Armory: ſo, Reader,
Be pacified, if in my ponderous courſe,
I thus my ſelf refreſh and reinforce
With change of Objects. But deſcend we now
From further Bias; from the branch, the bough,
Back to the bulk, the body; and ſo great,
So mettleſome his travail, ſuch his ſweat,
For skill and parts; that (as was touch'd before,)
From the fair continent, ſo deck'd with ſtore
Of Vines and Flower-delices, it impell'd
Him to the grumbling *Hound*, the (*b*) *Teſſel* fill'd
With *Indian* rarities, the *Maes*, the (*c*) *Vlii*,
That round imperative, ſo threatningly
Decyphering his channel. ———
Theſe the moats,
This the conſpicuous place, where daily floats
A forreſt, thick as ancient *Lebanon*,
The glorious mead, though yeelding neither ſtone,
Nor almoſt ſcruples, where a more compleat,

a His thigh was broken by a Canonad, whereof he died.

b Or *Texel*, a little Barren Iſland nominating the faireſt channel for *Amſterdam*, a ſtaple of the *East-Indies*.

c Belgice Vlii, another channell for *Amſterdam*, and more dangerous, as where ſea-men take in guides.

A paveder (*a*) *Hecatompolis* then *Crete*
Was ever Miſtreſſe of, and with as high
Innumerous broches, as ſtupendiouſly
Charging the lower Region. Here the *Burſe*,
The Common-weal, ennobling by commerce,
Her Merchants, Princes. This the wily-brain'd
Prometheus not improſperouſly detain'd
With after-gaming, not with umbrages
Held in the Hobler-hole, but meaſuring eaſe
By ſuch prevention; every gaineſt way
Marching ſo *Jehu*-like, he can, I ſay,
The moſt outragious Genet barnacle.
And this the *Magazine* for better tackle,
For his due trim, and manifoldly ſuited,
To ſteer a nobler courſe; that deſtituted
A *France* of ſuch a *Fairefax*, liſting him
Among her *Brittiſh* aydes. ——
Nor of a dim
Inferiour maniple; for if we file
Our emulous Leaders; he that we may ſtile
The (*b*) *Delphick*, or the (*c*) *Chelidonian* ſword,
A double chief, and with *Minerva* ſtor'd,
As burganetted *Pallas*, he ſo crown'd
With proof in (*d*) frontiſpice, and our renown'd
Our modern *Cocles*; he the Leader, whoſe
(*e*) Revengeful Enſign noble *Fairefax* choſe
To ranck him under, diſtributing there
His day to ſeveral ſtudies; not a ſpare,
And vacant time, but fairly tricking up
With ſome contexture. Look as *Hondius* map,
Or *Plantius*, more to palliate their extent
Of empty ſea and wilderneſs, preſent

Here

a *Creta*, now *Candy*; by the Grecians thus called of her having 100 Cities.

b A ſword to ſacrifice with, as alſo for puniſhment, and largely taken for any thing fit for ſeverall uſes.

c A broad ſword with a double-forked poynt.

d That experient Commander Sir *John Ogle*; who formerly had loſt one of h's eyes in ſervice.

e His colours were loſt at the *Roore*, after which he diſplaied a watched Colours, with th's word inſerted, *Juſque Alors*; implying Revenge, and the recovery of ſome other again from the enemy.

Here with a labouring Ship, there with a Whale,
Or *Hippotame*, or *Neptune a-cheval*
Waving his furious trident; here with (*a*) *Ruck*,
That caſtel-volant, making ſuch a mock
Of *Behemoth*; there with a *Petagone*
Or *Ptolomie*, or *Strabo*, widely known
Coſmographers; all this, I ſay, to dreſſe
And ſet off their vacuity: lo thus
Our *Fairefax* could his voydeſt time array,
With laudable endevours; and thou gray,
Yet deſperate Libertine, that doeſt impoſe
No tye upon thy ſelf, bring hither thoſe
Thy threeſcore years, here to be diſciplin'd
By this (*b*) *Iulus*. Let our youth, defin'd
By Savage *Peruq's*, Anticks, bills of fare
And very frantick *French*, recover here
The good old rudiments, derive from hence
A different learning, which in conſequence,
Is ſtrength and marrow to the ſeveral bones,
Health to the Navell, nay demiſes thrones
And glorious Scepters; for entirely thus
Pre-occupy'd, does ammunition us
Againſt the ſiege of ſin: or muſt I clear
It ſtill by precedent? our ſoldier here
Will fitly furniſh me.——

Nor was he given
To that exceſſive *Bacchus*, branding even
Our Chriſtian armies; tyranniz'd by thoſe
Debauches, on the ſoul that oft impoſe
Such raving *inter-regnums*. For behold,
Look as the walking dreamer, fancy-fool'd,
And full of ſundry crochets, antickly

Here

(*a*) A monſtrous bird, attributed to the Southern pole.

(*b*) *A primæ barbæ lanugine ita dicitur.*

Here as a brand to light his candle by,
Blowes at a bed-ſtaffe, or elſe for the dore
Opens the caſement; there again, before
Some caſting-bottle, which his groping hand
Meets in the variegated tap'ſtry pin'd
At *Helens* ſilken ſide as in a glaſſe
Stroaks up his whiskers, and ſtill odly thus
Whimſies about the room: why ſo diſguis'd
(What if I rather ſay ſo beſtializ'd?)
Is ſenſe and reaſon, by that ebrious peſt
Now epidemial; ſo does it conteſt,
And foyle, and fool their light, to ſuch a ſnuffe
As in the ſocket, even with ſtench enough,
Lyes drowning out. And for thoſe red-ey'd men,
That add both drunkenneſſe to thirſt, and then
Thirſt eke to drunkenneſſe; that draw on ſin
With ſhooing-horns and cart-ropes; theſe as in
The dangerous paths of death, and ſet'ling oft
Upon their lees, he ſhun'd.——
Nor could the ſoft
Inſidious *Dalila*, though ſhe deprave,
And cauterize ſome to fed horſes, ſlave
His noble ſoul. This is the witch indeed,
That with her pretious balm ſo breaks the head;
As *Nauplius*, when *Ulyſſes* fleet was toſt
Upon the barr'd, inhoſpitable coaſt
Of his *Eubœa*, brighted all the night
With fiery beacons, ſcatter'd creſcet-light,
As if for pitie, and thus haling in,
To ſafe land-lock and harbour; yet again
So paying Rocks and *Sillaes*, that the leak
And weather-beaten bottoms with their wrack
Spread

Spread all the *Helleſpont*: lo thus, and thus,
Does Satan juggle, ruinating us
With his falſe fires; I, thus the Lady luſt
Deals with her confidents, their carnal truſt
Betraying ſo, that at her feet a throng
Of broken Scepters, Swords, with many ſtrong
And mighty men, like ribs of *Argoſies*,
Lye ſplit and ſcatter'd; when by turning theſe
To Boyghes and Sea-marks, *Faireſax* wiſely left
Her clean to lee-ward, bore up with his ſwift
Snug bottome ſtill a-head; and let our old
Com-rades tell if this draught, this modell hold,
Save the true lines and ſhadowes.——
Not his ſpeech
But ſeaſon'd was: and where ſome mouths with beach,
Old Iron, any riffe-raffe loaden are
Like Mortar-peeces, yet, alas, ſo farre
Inſenſible, that this uncloven tongue
Is vaunted farther gracing; draffe and dung
Their portion be, reſerving pearl alone
To thoſe whoſe breath is, like *Zephyrus*, ſtrown
With Violets and Roſes; nor deſcends
To bark out Oaths at heaven, nor rudely rends
The Fig-leaves from our ſhame.——
But O be tough
And true, my ſhield, for ſtill incens'd enough
Comes envy hurtling on; and now ſhe cryes,
Away with theſe your whitely, your preciſe,
Your Inkhorn precepts: tuſh! we muſt conclude
The ſouldiers mark, his height, his latitude,
By an audacious peremptorie rage,
And garments roll'd in blood; and a wooful wage

Betide thy Butchers breath, and ſtill in ſpight
Of what may rant it, nobler far the wight
That rules his ſpirit, with the former ſins
That nobly can diſpute, then he that wins
A populous City. Is it true indeed?
Muſt then a Soldier be the ſwelling ſeed
Of tyranous *Anak*? be with pride as hung,
As with a chain? put violence and wrong
On like a garment? muſt we ſeek his worth
In precipitious boldneſſe? How has earth
Then loſt her nobleſt ſons? why ſing we not
(*a*) *Enceladus*, with the prodigious knot
Of mighty Hunters, heretofore that durſt
So combat heaven? Nay, rather let him firſt
Be truly pious, change to (*b*) *Rechabite*,
Check Madam (*c*) *Picoree*, for baſe indite
Each bloudy-minded *Lamech*, ſcambling not
The ſword at large, ſo limited to cut,
At ſuch a narrow threed: let him be wiſe
And pious firſt: and how ſhall one ſurprize
And chaſe a thouſand? how ſhall two convert
Ten thouſand men to flight? A Soldier girt
To battail thus, ſo far out-wings diſmay,
And evil news, that neither hills of prey,
Mountains of Leopards, nor depth, nor height,
Nor things to come, nor preſent, but his faith
Will bravely buckle with: when let the beaſt
That perks his impious head, and makes a jeſt
Of martial ſanctity, that ſpeaks ſo lowd
Of Ruffian boldneſſe; let him cite the proud

a Giants which the Poets ſay fought againſt heaven.

b Of theſe ſee Jer. 35.

c It imports an indifferent rifler either of friend or foe. See *La Nov.* fol. 822.

(*a*) *Porphirio*, and his fierce Gigantine rout,
That heretofore for miſſive weapons, fought
With burning Oaks and Mountains; yet their groſs,
Even at the braying of (*b*) *Silenus* Aſſe,
Is often baffled.——
Neither ſpeak I this
To blanch or palliate the whiteliver'dneſſe
Of *Marcus*, or *Minutius*: But a ſort
Of Falſities ſo fopp us off, we court
The midnight oft for noon, and many a Diſh
Of Serpents and of Stones for Eggs and Fiſh
Deglutiat ſo, that ſeeing thus our horn
Lay'd in the duſt, I needs muſt crye, Return,
Return, O *Shulamite*.——
Still to proceed,
Induſtriouſly here driving to the head
So requiſite a Nayle; ſtill to depaint
Religious fortitude, making the Saint
And Soldier *Individuums*; here repeat
We ſtill of *Fairefax*, and his martial heat
Among the higheſt places of the field.
Look as the Scythian *Ararus*, with mild,
With ſilent woollen feet goes creeping on,
And not the pooreſt whelk or angry frown
Upon his gentle ſurface, till when pent,
When ſhackled in the boyſterous rocks, and rent
Among the horns of fearful precipices;
And then indeed he ſwells up, bellowes, hiſſes,
Turns into fatal whirlpooles; yet again,
As ſoon as once evaded, grows ſerene,
And in the champian mildly trends along:
Such was his diſpoſition. Nay, how young,

a The General of thoſe Giants that heretofore invaded heaven.
b This befell (ſay the *Poets*) when they ſought to ſcale heaven: implying that the boldeſt wicked, are yet full of panick fears.

How tractable! how calm! yet netled once,
And over-roughly handled, his reſponce,
Like flint when iron-chidden, ready fire;
And (c) *Frankenthall*, though long in poor attire
Peeping, and muttering low from out the ground,
Yet now bear up again: nor is thy wound
So deſperately deep, but he that brings
Relief and healing underneath his wings,
That never wants a *Gilead* full of balm
For his elect, ſhall turn thy woful ſhalm
Into the merry pipe; ere long refine
Thy ſackcloth into beauty. Courage then,
Bear up, I ſay; and even for juſtice ſake,
Here like a Trumpet lift thy voyce, or ſpeak
Elſe in a louder key. Thou witneſſe wert
Of his high thoughts, of his audacious mart;
And fever-ſtrook at the ſo dangerous queſt,
Thou ſaw'ſt when hand to hand he fiercely preſt
His ſtrong immur'd foe: Thoſe honour'd wounds,
From hence tranſlating him, (while by their hounds
So many like *Actæon* eaten be,)
Thou canſt declaim: and laſtly, 'twas in thee
That he ſo fell aſleep, and hence was born,
Like a well-yeelding ſhock of fineſt corn
Into the barn. Does every truth require
Two or three witneſſes? then what if here,
I ſhould inſert (as yet another proof)
The * combat he and *Welbie*: —— But enough,
Enough of this. Then could I further tell
How this incautious *Mettel-mall* befell
In their firſt tyrocinie, even his bud
But newly putting open, and conclude.

(c) A City of the *Palatinate*, at the ſiege of which by *Gonſales de Cordua* Captain *Fairefax* was firſt in unequal oppoſition wounded, and after ſlain by a Canonade. Of this ſee the Imperial hiſtory, in the life of *Ferdinand* the ſecond *fol.* 815. related by Mr. *Grimſton*.

* Captain *Coſmo Fernandes* and Mr. *John Bedels*, who were their ſeconds, gave a very daring teſtimony of them both.

But

But hallo, hoe no more; the glance, the touch
Already hinted in implies ſo much,
That envy ſtill thy clack, detraction lay
Thy hand upon thy mouth; and by the way
Having firſt interceded with the great,
The pungent boyling of a youthful heat,
For this diſtemper, as a plea may ſtent
The treſpaſſe ſomewhat off. ——

What virulent
Above the gall of Aſpes and crying ſin,
That *Nero* never dreamt of, *Catiline*
Durſt not have perpetrated, has been found
By our late (*a*) *Spinters*, that we muſt compound
For it with ſuch a ſea of civil blood?
Who has ſo caſt the ſtone, like (*b*) *Cadmus* brood,
That now we reek with mutual ſlaughter; nay,
Indeniſe civil ſharp, to be to play,
As (*c*) *Abner*? Heretofore how do we doat
Thus on the frenzy duell? but begot
With Efts and hideous ſhriech-owles, in the rubble
Of heatheniſh amphitheaters; a ſtubble,
Now valued corn: a carnage foyſted in
At firſt, but claſſick now, and thought to ſpin
The web of honour. Say, you martial brood,
What (*d*) *Coſſus*, what (*e*) *Dentatus* ever trode
This Butchers path? why here no Civick Crowns,
No mural Trophies gotten? This renowns
Nor with *Ovation* (*f*) Triumphs, nor with rich
(*g*) *Feretrian* ſpoyls. Let him that needs will pitch
His Tents with *Kedar*, and perverſly ſhed
The blood of War in peace; that, being led
By ſavage cuſtome, dare provoke the wrack
Of an upbraiding conſcience with her black

a Inventors of new and monſtrous luſts.
b Theſe confraters by the plot of *Pallas* were, at the violent caſting of a ſtone amongſt them, imbroyled into ſuch a mutuall ſlaughter as became their overthrow.
c 2 Sam. 2. 14.
d He ſlew *Toumnus*, Generall of the *Tuſcans*, in ſingle oppoſition.
e He won ſeverall military Crownes.
f Theſe were for victories gotten without any great danger.
g Of *Fero*, to carry; & being carried by the Conqueror, as an offering to *Jupiter*.

And broken ſlumbers, let him on: perhaps
Heaven may be weary or want thunder-claps;
Or (*a*) *Pelion* elſe pil'd upon (*b*) *Oſſa* may
Conceal him, and his red ſins at the day
Of Judgement: let him on. But you that are
The true *Heroes*, bravely bidding warre
As well to ſin as *Spain*; you that in liſt
Will be with Saints and Angels, under *CHRIST*
Our * Princely *Michael*; O ſo learn to (*c*) brake
The divine Cannon, that at length it ſhake
This *Moloch* down, whoſe bloudy rites ſo cry
To heaven for vengeance; vent your courage high,
Upon the general foe: loe then are skars
The Trumps of fame, and ſtick a man with ſtars,
If thence brought off: by cartell ask repair,
And in camp cloſſe, of ſuch as quarrel dare
Your hearths and conſciences: when theſe ſhall threat,
When theſe give on, then let your noble heat
Diſguſted be, then take the point; a vein
If emptied thus upbraids not. To be ſlain
With my dear *Fairefax* thus, is up to roul
The corps in Trophy-work, and gain the ſoul
A palm, a crown in heaven.——
In fine, to do
As Painters in their curious pourtraicts, who,
The face delineated, are wont in cloſe
To ſet the hand trim'd with a Book, a Roſe,
Or (*d*) *Sovenance*; His open was, a bearing
Of fair conſtruction, a conſpicuous wearing
The goods of fortune. And if ſuch there be,
Such (*e*) *Brigands* as not only ſhave, but flea
The poor that fight down *Antichriſt*, and this
Even

a b Two hills of *Theſſaly* which the old Giants projected to pile upon each other, till they ſcaled heaven.

*Dan. 12. 1.

c Braking of Artillery, is the planting or levelling of it.

d The ring of many hoops, one of which we let hang as a remembrancer of any thing.

e Theſe were ſouldiers, holding what ere they could ſeiſe on to be good prize. Whence the word was after taken for a thief.

Even to the teeth of death, as if their peace
Were made with him and hell; be *Fairefax* ſet
As oppoſite to theſe, to flint and jeat,
As miniver and ſnow: nor let ſo fair
A pattern only beat the vacant ayre
A while, and then be loſt; but rather work
Hence into practiſe, ſpreading with the fork
What has been ſcrap'd in by the ſordid rake;
Admoniſhing our chiefs to mould and make
Th' unrighteous Mammon (though it often grind
To Satans Kitchin) yet ſo faſt a friend
As helps to heaven-ward.—
And now critick here.
Having at length brought up my lagging reere,
What elſe remains, ſave only thy reply
Upon the premiſes? Tell if mine eye
Be (*a*) *Græan*-like incurious, doft at home,
Pragmatical abroad; or there become
Like eyes in water, doubling the dimenſion,
Of weeds and pebbles: if my reprehenſion
Strain Gnats, or ſwallow Camels; then again
Do thou the like, reporting not the main
By ſome peculiar ravings: let not hate
At randome taken up extenuate
The worth of ſouldiers: Paſſion ſo miſleads,
Preſtigiates the ſenſes ſo, that reeds
Have been reported ſpears, (*b*) and trees for men.
Collect thy ſelf (I ſay;) ——
Nay rather then
To miſ-repute our *Mars*, the belts reſtore,
The Medals, leaſes, (*c*) titles, heretofore,
And (*c*) Feifes awarded him. And touching theſe,

a The *Græ* were ſaid to have but one eye, which at home they laid by, only uſing it abro.d.

b This at the Duke of *Sa-voyes* or-ſlaught upon *Geneva. Serres.*

c Daniels Chr: 40 & *Heywards Ed.* the 5.114.

How

How often are they got by fucuſſes,
By ſin and ſubtile artifice? The flye
Tertullus Parot-like will clamber by
His flattering beak; *Terpander* hopes to find
A fortune in his new-made (*a*) *Cinerind.*
I, ſuch as are devoyd of ſwink and ſweat,
Whoſe Trophies but (*b*) *Salmacidan*, why yet
Are ſhuffled often into price and place:
When if we ſhall annex the ſouldiers caſe,
How ſuſtinently proſtrate at the (*c*) ſtar
Does he chalk out his lodging make it there
In the moſt double Winter? who ſo driven,
With horrid induſtry to combat even
The rivers, mountains, precipices, rocks,
Meteors and rigid ayres? what inter ſhocks
Has he with hunger, thirſt, contagion? here
A meſſe of *Spartan* (*d*) broth is all his cheer,
Or elſe a Dogs or Aſſes head, and bought
At (*e*) eighty ſilver ſhekels; there for drought
He like a (*f*) Dragon yawnes, and well the man
Who from a courſe, a dirty (*g*) *Cothon*, can
Relieve himſelf. What ſhall I ſay? his plant
Is (*h*) *Yarrow*, ſole for wounds; or we may grant
Him the (*i*) *Carlina* Thiſtle, to correct
His rabious Fevers: nor muſt it deject
The ſouldier, though ſurrounded with a rout
Of cuttings, ſearings, peſts; and when from out
The hurlement of a well-foughten day,
Some ſuch as meritorious *Fairefax* may

a Sports and wagers invented to winne kiſſes.

b Salmacida ſpolia: metaphorically borrowed of the effeminate river *Salmacis*

c Coucher a l' enſeigne de l'eſtoile, to lye without doors.

d Of this homely ſtuffe ſee *Plutarch* in *Lycurgus*.

e Thus *Tremellius* renders it; which if the common Shekell be valued at 5 groats, comes to 6.l. 13.s. 8.d.

f Being diſproportionably hot by nature, it affects him to ſuck in the cool ayre.

g A drinking cup, ſo coloured that the eye could not diſtinguiſh of thick & muddy waters in it, and the grounds ſticking faſt upon the inward belly-ribs thereof.

h Or little yellow milfoyl, in Latin *Militaris herba*, becauſe good to cure wounds.

i The white Thiſtle, with which *Charls* the great uſed to cure his ſouldiers of the Peſtilence, and therefore named thus, *Quaſi Carolina.*

Come

Come off all pargetted with blood and duſt,
All over griſly gules, will it be juſt
To rank him with the former? muſt our blood
Decry'd be to *Zacheus* bags? a brood
Familiarly ſo ſpurious, ſo begot
By forgid cavillation? and the plot,
Of ſtellionated ware? ———
That I propound
It neerer yet to heart; behold a ſound
Of waters from the North; of many wrongs
So palpable, that *Mattan* there oppugns
(*b*) *Jehoſcua* dayly: then again at home,
Our (*c*) Counter-skarp, our outer-works, have ſwome
Even annually with ſlaughter; yet we preſſe
A flattering divination; May diſtreſſe
Ship into *Britain*? does ſhe not reſide,
Like (*d*) *Carmel*, in the ſea? and then ſo try'd,
So dreadful at her many flaxen-wings,
That not the fierceſt (*e*) Dragon but ſhe brings
At eaſe under her lee. Thus heretofore,
The covering (*f*) Cherub *Tyrus* alſo bore
Him high upon the like; yet emptied was
Soon after from his veſſell, made a place
Of fiſhers and their nets: and thou that do'ſt
Secure thy Dortor ſo, if *Neptune* boaſt
Him of our Britiſh (*g*) Jeat, or uſe to wear
A Baldrick of our (*h*) Pearl about his bare
And brawny loynes, yet ſay, will this amount
To ſide him always ours? was he not wont
To waft the *Dane*, the *Norman*? and what are
Our wooden walls, we ſole to theſe refer
The hope of *Athens*? how is man ſo skil'd?

b In our late Tranſlations *Joſhua*, Zach. 3. 1.
c The united Provinces.
d Jer. 46. 16.
e The Whale-fiſh. Pſal. 148.
f Ezek. 28. 24.
g So named of the river *Gagas* in *Lycia*, and only found there, and in *Britain*.
h Of this ſee *Tacitus* in *Agricola*, 189.

Such

Such an (*a*) *Amphibium*, ſo to make us build
Upon a ſingle ſtring? I, this the caſe:
Our Anceſtors were daily bidden Baſe
Within the heart of *England*; driven to fight
Among their hearths, their temples, for the right
Of their fore-fathers monuments and bones:
And, Reader, then reſolve me, when the ſtones,
The carved work, the poliſh'd Corners even
Of our whole Church attempted are, and driven
With fatal Axes and with hammers at;
Shall we ſo much (alas) diſconſolate,
Deject the (*b*) Veterane? ——
O that I might,
Reſpecting my peculiar, here recite
Of a ſad prentiſhip, a ten years toyle
In forein *Mars*, the march of many a mile
Begirt with ſcalding Iron; ſickneſſe, want,
Expence of blood, as being converſant
Oft with the King of (*c*) terrors; nay, from out
His bitter grens, the very grave about
To cloſe upon me, yet recover'd: ſo
The ſhepheard ſometimes takes a leg or two,
Or elſe perhaps ſome parcel of an ear,
Even from the Lions mouth. I fain would here,
Like an *Harpocrates*, immure my tongue;
And ſuch a note as this were fitter ſung
Far off by proxie: but, alas! my lot
Has been ſo full of noyſe, that wonder not

a Such a creature as lives indifferently either at ſea or land, as the Otter, &c.

b Our commiſſaries were now decryed as illegal, the place wherein I was then imployed.

c Job 18. 14.

If

If thus I therefore interpoſe with deep
And many waters, ſurrowes wide and ſteep,
For Orthodox Religion: and when now
The brawny keepers tremble, ſtrong men bow,
And clouds (*a*) return after the rain; when theſe,
With ſeveral almoſt (*b*) *Sontick* grievances,
Are come upon me like an armed man,
And nor like (*c*) *Iolaus*, or *Æſon*, can
I moult the (*d*) Heckle of diſabling eld;
Alas the while, why ſhould I be compel'd,
Like (*e*) *Micha's Levite*, to go ſojourn there
Where I may find a place? But hallo fear,
And how art thou ſo woobegone my ſoul?
So troubled now within me? tuſh, let all
The promontories, hills and mountains vaſt,
Be rudely from the center torn, and toſt
Far off to ſea, yet this is my defence,
It iſſues not by chance, but providence.
After which interpos'd Parentheſis,
I now again ſhould handle the milice,
And *Mille-toyle* the ſouldier, now reveal
The further conſequents, the peace, the weal
At dear and bloody rates by theſe inferr'd:
But as an undertake, a courſe too hard
For my poor veſſell, that by plying it
To and again ſo long, is now unfit
Save only for the (*f*) Creen; I leave it rather
To ſome ſuch bottom, as may tightly weather
The boyling ſeas immanitie, and here
Tacking about, incontinently ſteere
For ſafety to the ſhore.———

a *Tremelius* and *Iunius* expound this of *Catarrhs* and *Catarracts*.
b Diſeaſes which diſable action.
c Theſe at the interceſſion of *Jaſon* and *Hercules* were reſtored from age to youth again.
d *Vernatio* the caſt-skin of either ſnake or adder.
e Judges 17. 8.
f To have her keel (ſo named of the Latine *Carina*) made clean again.

If any yet

Impoſe an Elegiack verſe, be ſet
In cloſe of all, as even my reer of reers,
Let him object, and ſay, what Panick fears,
What decimation, or Phlegrean war,
So perpetrated here, we ſhould demur
Upon the bliſſe of *Fairefax*? Is a weak
(*a*) *Cauſidius* ſlain, or any ſuch, as like
The ſinful *Ephraimites*, and carrying bowes,
Yet turn again in battail? *Trent* and *Owſe*
Are little for a pair of eyes to ſhed:
But *Fairefax* in a ſtorm of hiſſing lead,
And belling Canonads, was gathered hence;
His ſeveral wounds, (a precious inference)
Receiv'd in front, facing the foe; and thus,
When ſuch a ſoul evades her priſon-houſe
Of fleſh and blood, the (*b*) Lion then indeed
Triumphs above his *Gemu-bars*, is freed
From Treliſſes abatements: ſorrow here
Were a flat *Solæciſme*; ungently were,
To mingle Pinks, Carnatians, July-flowres,
Harveſt with ſnow, or the prodigious ſhowres
Our blackthorn hatching. Let Sir *Imbecillis*
For his ſalacious ſweeting Madam Ill-is,
Weep out his wandring eyes; or elſe provide
Some over-flowing ſtream of ſtupifi'de,
Of cloſely mumming mourners, and the like
With this ſad ceremonious rhetorick
Interring her: I, let us fitly there
Impoſe a ſtudious ſcene of ſorrow, where
The dead by *Nemeſis* and all her ſnakes
Are felly followed; but the paſſion takes
So little footing here, and is ſo null'd

a A timorous Commander under *Cæſar*. See his Comment.

b An alluſion to his Coat-armour, being Argent, a Lion rampant Sable, upon three bars gemeaux gules.

By

By the fair premiſes, that over-rul'd
Accordingly, being by theſe indu'd
With a moſt glorious hope, we here conclude
That *Faireſax* now enjoyes the kernel, ſpirit,
Of his prophetick Embleme, does inherit
An endleſſe *requiem.* And thus have I built
His monument and mine, though not of gilt
And * chamfer'd Marble, yet of what may laſt,
When *Abſaloms* proud pillar lyes defac'd.

* Gutter'd or Channell'd.

FINIS.